A

POEM

Dedicated to the

MEMORY,

Of the late Learned *and* Eminent

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IN Silence to ſuppreſs my Griefs I've try'd,
And keep within its Banks the ſwelling Tide;
But all in Vain: Unbidden Numbers flow;
Spite of my ſelf, my Sorrows vocal grow.
This be my Plea, ----- Nor thou, dear Shade, refuſe
The well-meant Tribute of the willing Muſe,

Who trembles at the Greatneſs of its Theme,
And fain would ſay what ſuits ſo high a Name.

WHICH, from the crouded Journal of thy Fame,
Which of thy many Titles ſhall I name?
For, like a gallant Prince, that wins a Crown,
By undiſputed Right, before his own,
Variety thou haſt: Our only Care
Is what to ſingle out, and what forbear.

THO' ſcrupulouſly juſt, yet not ſevere;
Tho' cautious, open, courteous, yet ſincere;
Tho' Rev'rend, yet not magiſterial;
Tho' intimate with few, yet lov'd by all;
Tho' deeply read, yet abſolutely free,
From all the Stiffneſſes of Pedantry:
Tho' circumſpectly good, yet never ſowre,
Pleaſant with Innocence, and never more.
Religion worn by thee, attractive ſhow'd,
And with its own unborrow'd Beauty glow'd:
Unlike the Biggot, from whoſe wat'ry Eyes
Ne'er Sunſhine Broke, nor Smile was ſeen to riſe,

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Whoſe

Whoſe ſickly Goodneſs lives upon Grimace,
And pleads a Merit from a blubber'd Face.
Thou kept thy Rayment for the tatter'd Poor,
And taught the Fatherleſs to know thy Door;
From griping Hunger ſet the Needy free,
That they were needy was enough to thee.

Shy Fame to pleaſe, whilſt others reſtleſs be,
Fame laid her Shyneſs by, and courted Thee;
And tho' thou bade the flatt'ring Thing give o'er,
Yet, in Return, ſhe only woo'd thee more.

How ſweet thy Accents! and how mild thy Look?
What ſmiling Mirth was heard in all thou ſpoke!
Manhood and grizled Age were fond of thee,
And Youth it ſelf ſought thy Society.
The Ag'd thou taught, deſcended to the Young,
Clear'd up th' Irreſolute, confirm'd the Strong;
To the perplex'd thy friendly Counſel lent,
And gently lifted up the Diffident;
Sigh'd with the Sorrowful, and bore a Part,
In all the Anguiſh of a bleeding Heart:

Reclaim'd the Headſtrong, and, with ſacred Skill,
Committed hallow'd Rapes upon the Will;
Sooth'd our Affections, and, with their Delight,
To gain our Actions, brib'd our Appetite.

Now who ſhall, with a Greatneſs like thy own,
Thy Pulpit dignify, and grace thy Gown?
Who with pathetick Energy like thine,
The Head enlighten, and the Heart refine?
Learn'd were thy Lectures, noble the Deſign,
The Language *Roman*, and the Action fine;
The Heads well rang'd, the Inferences clear,
And ſtrong and ſolid thy Deductions were:
Thou mark'd the Bound'ries out, 'twixt Right and Wrong,
And ſhow'd the Land-marks as thou went along.
Plain were thy Reaſonings, or if perplext,
Thy Life was the beſt Comment on thy Text;
For if, in darker Points, we were deceiv'd,
'Twas only but obſerving how thou liv'd.

Bewilder'd in the Greatneſs of thy Fame,
What ſhall the Muſe, what next in Order name?

Which

Which of thy ſocial Qualites commend?
Whether of Husband, Father, or of Friend!
All theſe thou once poſſeſt, nor could we know
Which was the uppermoſt, ſo all waſt thou.
So have I ſeen the many-colour'd Mead,
Bruſh'd by the Vernal Breeze, its Fragrance ſhed:
Tho' various Sweets the various Field exhal'd,
Yet could we not determine which prevail'd,
Nor this part *Roſe*, That *Honey-ſuckle* call,
But a rich bloomy Aggregate of All.

And thou, the once glad Partner of his Bed,
But now by Sorrow's Weeds diſtinguiſhed;
Whoſe buſy Memory thy Grief ſupplies,
And calls up all thy Husband to thine Eyes;
Thou muſt not be forgot. How alter'd now!
How thick thy Tears? How faſt thy Sorrows flow?
The well known Voice that cheer'd thee heretofore,
Theſe ſoothing Accents, thou muſt hear no more.
Untold be all the tender Sighs thou drew,
When on thy Cheek he fetch'd a long Adieu.

Untold be all thy faithful Agonies,
At the laſt Languiſh of his cloſing Eyes:
For thou, and only ſuch as thou, can tell
The killing Anguiſh of a laſt Farewel.

THIS Earth, yon Sun, and theſe blue tinctur'd Skies,
Thro' which it rolls, muſt have their Obſequies:
Pluck'd from their Orbits, ſhall the Planets fall,
And Smoke and Conflagration cover all.
What then is Man? the Creature of a Day,
By Moments ſpent, and Minutes born away.
Time, like a raging Torrent, hurries on
Scarce can we ſay *It is*, but that 'tis gone.

WHETHER, fair Shade! with ſocial Spirits, tell,
(Whoſe Properties, thou once deſcrib'd ſo well,)
Familiar now thou heareſt them relate
The Rites and Methods of their happy State;
Or, if with Forms more fleet, thou roams abroad,
And views the great Magnificence of God,
Points out the Courſes of the Orbs on High,
And counts the Silver Wonders of the Sky;

Or,

Or, if with glowing Seraphim, thou greets
Heav'n's King, and ſhouteſt thro' the golden Streets,
That Crouds of white-rob'd Choriſters diſplay,
Marching in Triumph thro' the pearly Way?

Now thou art paſt beyond this World of Cares,
This weary Wilderneſs, and Vale of Tears,
Forgetting all thy Toils and Labours paſt,
No Gloom of Sorrow ſtains thy peaceful Breaſt.
Now 'midſt Seraphick Splendours ſhalt thou dwell,
And be what only theſe pure Forms can tell.
How cloudleſs now, and cheerful is thy Day?
What Joys, what Raptures, in thy Boſom play?
How bright the Sunſhine, and how pure the Air!
There's no Difficulty of breathing there.

With willing Steps, a Pilgrim at thy Shrine,
To dew it with my Tears the Task be mine;
In lonely Dirge, to murmur o'er thy Urn,
And with new-gather'd Flowers thy Turff adorn:
Nor ſhall thy Image from my Boſom part,
No Force ſhall rip thee from this bleeding Heart;

Oft

Oft shall I think o'er all I've lost in thee,
Nor shall Oblivion blot thy Memory:
But grateful Love its Energy expands
(The Father's gone) now to the Fatherless.

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